

known any sudden need. Here are some of the blazes:

- 1 long, 1 short, "Let go low line."
- 1 long, 4 short, "Prepare to anchor."
- 1 long, 1 short, "Anchor, all ready."
- 2 long, 1 short, "Starboard your helm."
- 2 long, 1 short, "Let go anchor."
- 2 short, "Head up to the sea, go slow."
- 2 long, 5 short, "Machinery disabled."
- 2 long, 4 short, "Ship taking badly; be ready to render assistance."
- 1 short, 1 long, 1 short, "Come to our assistance at once."
- 2 short, 1 long, "Our rudder disabled; keep clear your vessel."
- 8 short, "Come to our assistance at once."

#### NOTICE TO THE PRINCESS

The position of the Princess was described at 8:30 o'clock last night in a wireless message that came from the Merritt & Chapman wrecking steamer. It read: "Steamer Princess Irene heads northwest by west about 1,000 feet from the beach. Relief towing on steamer. Seneca getting towing line out, expects to pull next high water. Very heavy ground swell. No passengers removed. Will try and lay cables to-morrow."

While the Seneca and the Mohawk and the Merritt & Chapman tugs were arranging to make another attempt about midnight to pull the Princess of the North German Lloyd off the beach, the Merritt & Chapman tugs were patrolling the Lone Hill beach and keeping an eye on the weather and sea. They said that the ship looked to be safe enough for the next twenty-four hours and that there ought to be no special danger to the passengers in getting them off this morning.

#### ON THE BAR IN THE FOG

The Princess Irene hung herself on the Lone Hill bar yesterday morning a little after 4 o'clock when the weather was as thick as plum pudding. The North German Lloyd officers hadn't got from Capt. Petersen last night an explanation as to how he found a part of America he wasn't looking for. The captain was too busy with passengers and crew and too much concerned in getting the Princess out of her predicament to tell how it happened.

The fire Island life savers, speculating on the possibilities all day while they tossed their feet at brush fires and wondered what their comrades on the Irene were doing, thought that the steamer must have been in a little better than quarter speed she couldn't have jammed her big body so firmly in the gripping sands. As they talked, with a glance now and then through binoculars, they could almost make out the features of the passengers who leaned over the port rails and peered wistfully toward the beach. The Gulf between the steamship and the sand dunes seemed at first glance to be narrow enough to cover in a few car sweeps, but it was 350 yards across. The surf was deceiving and foreboding the picture.

When the steamship whistle gave notice that she was on the bar three or four of the Lone Hill surfmen were up and booted and oiled for a possible job. The impenetrable stuff over the Atlantic was just the kind of a mess that had brought many a windjammer and a few big steamships bang up against one of the meanest bars along the coast. As they patrolled the beach listening for sounds from over the sea they noticed that there was very little wind, just a puff or two. It was easy enough to light a pipe in the breeze. But there was a heavy ground swell and the surf was booming its usual morning song.

#### LIFE SAVERS ON THE JOB IN A HURRY

Ed Baker, whose father is the boss of the Point o' Woods station, a mile and a half east of Lone Hill, was heading along the beach eastward with Bill St. Clair, surfman. Mr. St. Clair had just fired his teeth in Mr. Baker's plug of tobacco when the raucous screech of a whistle ripped through the cottony air. First there were short, harsh screams, then a few long ones, then more short ones rapidly following each other in silence of Lone Hill bar and in the day of fog the whistling seemed at first to come from many directions.

"That's a big ship, Bill," said Baker, and they lit out for the Lone Hill phone.

Nowadays the Government uses the telephone pretty freely in the business of saving lives and marine property, and all of the little shelter huts along Fire Island beach are connected up with each other and the mainland across Great South Bay.

By the time Baker had tumbled into the Lone Hill house with St. Clair, Capt. Goddard in command at Lone Hill, knew quite as well as his lieutenant what work was on hand. Baker got his father, who commands at Point o' Woods, on the phone and said he guessed there would be plenty of work for all the surfmen along that part of the coast. The elder Baker said to tell Goddard to get out to the ship if he could and that he himself would hustle right down to take Goddard's place on shore. Then Ed Baker telephoned to the Blue Point station and that crew on the job. So within fifteen minutes after the Princess Irene began to tell help all the life savers for six or seven miles were making a beeline to the nearest point to her.

There was too much muck for a long time for Capt. Goddard and his men to locate the Princess. Goddard touched off a few Coston signals which burned redly for two minutes or so, but he hadn't much notion that the Princess's people could spy a glimmer through the fog. Maybe Capt. Petersen was trying an illumination himself, the surfmen guessed he was, but no light could be seen through a night stuffed with cotton wool. Goddard called through his megaphone toward the point from which the whistle's shrieks seemed to be coming and listened in intervals of the fierce racket the whistle was making for sounds of a human voice. None came. The surfmen were puzzled for a while as to just what to do.

#### FOG BAPPLING FOR A WHILE

One of the difficulties of the situation from the lifesavers point of view was they couldn't tell how badly off the big ship was. The surfmen were always cautioned, if they should be driven ashore by the neighborhood of stations, especially on any of the sandy coasts where there is not much danger of vessels breaking up immediately, to keep their people on board until assistance arrives, and under no circumstances to attempt to land through the surf in their own boats until the last hope of assistance from shore was gone. While Goddard and his seven old skins were trotting out the two wheeled cart that carries the line gun, the shears, the spades and all manner of fixing that come in handy for saving life, they kept an anxious ear out for sounds of cars. They heard nothing except the continual equal of the whistle.

About 7 o'clock the Point o' Woods men, with Capt. Baker splashing at their head through the sopping sand, turned up their heads and a half a mile further on they had reached the Blue Point station and wanted to know what they could do. Capt. Goddard and Capt. Baker arranged

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The Best Small Car Money Can Buy.  
\$750  
30 H. P. 4 cyl. Runabout.  
Sliding Seats. "Boss" Magneto.  
**KOEHLE**  
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Newark, N. J. 120 Livingston St.

a programme between them. Capt. Goddard said he would board the ship (and he didn't have the slightest idea what ship it was at that time) as soon as light broke and that it would be best for Capt. Baker to take his place on the beach ready to make target practice with the life line or to do any other little thing that seemed proper. And while the bosses were making up this strategy board, twenty husky brown faced fellows in hip boots and canary colored rubber overcoats stood around and cursed the fog.

#### FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE SHIP

Much to everybody's relief, light began to break through the darkness and the swift began to rise slowly and heavily and to flow in rolling clouds and the lines of a big steamer appeared. She was a whopper, the surfmen saw immediately, and they put her down for what she was, a North German Lloyd. From the look of her, Edward Baker guessed she was a Mediterranean liner, a pretty good shot as it turned out. And while they were guessing they shoved one of the Lone Hill lifeboats into the surf edge and stood by to give that running heave that starts a boat on its way. They waited for some time, as it happened, waited until they could see every curve and corner of the big ship, until they could see easily a thousand passengers crowded forward and many first and second cabin passengers lining the port rails. They could see that the passengers weren't giving any trouble to the officers, that everything seemed to be calm on board, and best of all, they could see that the ship was in no apparent danger.

She lay at that time almost broadside onto the Lone Hill bar, having jammed her nose in slantingly. The soft bottom clutched her hard, but her bow swung a little to the right, a little to the left as the currents fought around her bulk. A few hundred yards from the high water mark on Lone Hill bar there is only six fathoms of water. The steamship had blundered into less comfortable reaches. Where she jammed there is scarcely fifteen feet, and a good fourteen feet of her red painted hull—the red that is usually concealed below water—lay clear to the eye at half tide.

#### LIFE SAVERS ABOARD

About a quarter to 10 o'clock Capt. Goddard gave the word and his crew, together with the Point o' Woods men, heaved the lifeboat into the surf. The oars bit in a twinkling and they made for the steamship in what looked from the shore like a series of high jumps. The first lines of surf fought the boat hard, but once past them Goddard had little difficulty in working under the lee of the Princess. He was helped measurably by the fact that the ship lay quartering with the shore, which protected him and his men from the force of the outside sea. On shore the station gave a cheer and an echo came back from the ship. The crowd on the beach could see the cabin passengers waving handkerchiefs.

Once aboard Goddard and his men Frank Robin, Bill Flynn, Bill Leach, Bill St. Clair, Jim Oakley and Jim Arnold. Ashore Ed Baker had command of half of the Point o' Woods crew. His father went back to that station to go on patrol and most of the Blue Point men, seeing their services wouldn't likely be needed, headed back to the station.

About the first thing Capt. Goddard did was to wigwag news to Baker. He said the ship was sound and in no apparent danger, and that Capt. Petersen was sent to the beach to get out of the water, which was due at 1 o'clock. The all hands began to watch out for relief boats from New York.

#### WIRELESS CALL FOR HELP

A wireless message had gone into the line office that the Princess was aground and asking that help be sent at once. It was shortly after 7 o'clock that the line got word from Capt. Petersen. He wirelessed that he had got off his course in the fog and had stranded. He followed this up with another message:

"Ship apparently uninjured. No immediate danger. Passengers quiet and composed. Am awaiting arrival of tug." The line sent back word that help would be sent at once. The Merritt & Chapman Company to send what wreckers it had handy down to help the Princess. Also they told the Barge Office about the Princess's plight and the Seneca and the Mohawk got up steam. The Merritt & Chapman people dispatched the Relief from Tompkinsville and also sent down the big tug I. J. Merritt. First to arrive at Lone Hill was the Seneca, then came the Mohawk and then the Relief and the I. J. Merritt.

By that time the sun had burned away the fog and a slight haze out at sea, but toward land the ocean was a misty, amethyst hue under the clear light. There were few clouds and the surfmen on shore began to feel comfortable for the first time in hours. The improved weather conditions had an effect on the passengers very plainly. Although no word came from the Princess to the beach save Capt. Goddard's wigwags, the surfmen could see that the passengers were not taking the predicament very gloomily. Some of them tried to make their voices reach land, but although the distance was short the churning of the surf killed the sound.

By this time, too, folks from the village on the other side of the Great South Bay had come ashore in motor and sailboats to see what the big ship looked like. Early in the morning there were 200 or more villagers strolling up and down the beach watching the ship and sometimes trying to communicate with the passengers. One of the watchers was a woman who runs a fruit store in Sayville. Arata has three relatives in the Princess's straits, and he was anxious about them. He was on the beach last night, still keeping an eye out.

Harry Hillebrand from Sayville picked up from the beach a visiting card that had been driven in from the Princess, apparently. The name engraved on the card was "Mrs. Monroe F. Ellis." On the back, pencilled was "Mrs. Anna F. Way, 44 West Eighth-st., New York City." Another pencilled inscription was, "Mrs. T. J. Van N. Y."

COULD N'T PULL HER OFF THE BAR. Along about 4 o'clock in the afternoon Capt. Goddard and his crew, together with the Blue Point life savers, arrived and wanted to know what they could do. Capt. Goddard and Capt. Baker arranged

necessary to take off passengers by boats. He said he didn't believe that it would be advisable and he issued an order to that effect.

Shortly afterward the Seneca got a line aboard the Princess and gave a tentative pull. It received some instructions from the relief tug. The Seneca was not to pull the Princess. It was to use the Princess as a cradle deeper. While this was going on, the Seneca, for some reason not apparent to the watchers on land, dropped a whaleboat and sent it toward the steamship. The Seneca edged toward the Princess's stern and in doing so was swinging perilously close to the breakers. All at once the surfmen on the beach raised a yell. When you looked through the spiritdrip you saw the whaleboat swinging perilously close to the breakers. For a palpable second you could see the feet of the oarsmen. And then the sailors veered the wheel and the boat was away to smoother water.

"That was a close call, boys," said Capt. Baker.

After the failure of the relief boats to haul off the Princess they merely stood by to wait for the next high water or in case a sudden storm should necessitate a quick transhipping of the Princess's passengers.

At 6 o'clock the wind was blowing from the south at about 20 mile gale. There was a rough sea off the bar and the air was heavy. The surfmen on the beach of the sea or the wind had shifted the Princess's position. At 6 she was lying nearly head on to the beach with her bow well out in the water. She was swinging held by the soft bottom, but she swung to one side or the other as the currents caught her. She swung back later to her nearly broadside position.

LOOKING LIKE A NOVEL AT ANCHOR. Toward sundown the air grew perceptibly colder and those who had gone over to the beach from Sayville and other nearby towns got in their boats and started for home. The surfmen on the beach of the steamship began to disappear below and soon only officers and members of the crew and a life saver who could be seen from the shore. As it grew darker lights blinked out and the ship appeared a big hotel dumped on the beach. The lights on the ship were everything seemed to be normal and peaceful on board; even the bugle call to dinner was heard by the watchers. The ship's mast, with its lighted top, stood out clearly over Fire Island and across Great South Bay from the towns along the shore.

#### During all these hours the steamship

kept up the same steady, dignified signal, and the surfmen on the beach of the steamship began to disappear below and soon only officers and members of the crew and a life saver who could be seen from the shore. As it grew darker lights blinked out and the ship appeared a big hotel dumped on the beach. The lights on the ship were everything seemed to be normal and peaceful on board; even the bugle call to dinner was heard by the watchers. The ship's mast, with its lighted top, stood out clearly over Fire Island and across Great South Bay from the towns along the shore.

#### BONFIRES ON THE BEACH

After sundown the sea kept rising. The Seneca, deep and narrow, could not seem to get close in shore for safety. She was anchored, but of course had steam up and was ready to move further out at any moment her hand, but her bow swung a little to the right, a little to the left as the currents fought around her bulk. A few hundred yards from the high water mark on Lone Hill bar there is only six fathoms of water. The steamship had blundered into less comfortable reaches. Where she jammed there is scarcely fifteen feet, and a good fourteen feet of her red painted hull—the red that is usually concealed below water—lay clear to the eye at half tide.

Well up on the beach, just opposite the Princess Irene, was the skeleton of a big coal barge which broke loose from a tow years ago and was lost in the same sands. Old beach men say that the steamship Gulf of St. Vincent went aground twenty years ago at a point not more than a good baseball player's throw from the position of the Princess Irene.

#### It was the general opinion of the beach

men that the Princess Irene was not in danger.

#### NO EXPLANATION YET

Although the line had not up to midnight last night received any explanation as to the cause of the stranding, it was thought that the ship had been the victim of the treacherous currents in the neighborhood of Fire Island. It was likely the Princess had been in the neighborhood of the beach and that the officers had not been able to take observations in that time, possibly since Tuesday. It was surmised, therefore, that Capt. Petersen had been misled by dead reckoning. Most navigators who have hit the Lone Hill coast near Fire Island have had the impression that the beach was a straight line. It is the case, and it is supposed that Capt. Petersen thought he was further out than the immediate neighborhood of the beach. It is supposed, however, that Capt. Petersen had been diligent in using the lead, which is the custom of commanders who get caught in a fog.

#### THE STRANDED SHIP

The Princess Irene under her present command was won glory by taking off the passengers of the Cunarder Slavonia after the latter had smashed herself on the rocks of the Azores. She was the wireless call for help sent out by the Slavonia and was alongside the broken ship within three hours. In 1904 she saved eight men from a foundering Argentine steamer.

The Princess Irene made her first trip to this port in 1900. She was built originally for the German-Chinese trade and therefore was equipped for Mediterranean and semi-tropical service. She is 525 feet long, 60 feet beam and 30 feet deep of hold and displaces 19,000 tons. She is a nearly restored ship, is a schooner rigged and makes about seventeen knots.

Among the Princess Irene's first cabin passengers who booked return by her were Mrs. L. M. Ogden, Dr. Fred Wilson and Miss Wilson.

#### ANCIENT COURT HOUSE BURNS

Was Designed by Sir Christopher Wren, Who Built St. Paul's in London.

WILLIAMSBURG, Va., April 6.—The old Court House was almost destroyed by fire at 1 o'clock this morning. The records and other valuable and papers were in a fireproof vault in the eastern wing of the building and are thought to be safe among the ruins.

It is not known how the fire originated, as there had been no fire in the furnace since Monday.

There was insurance of \$5,000 on the building, which with about \$5,000 additional on the contents of the structure, provided the old walls can be saved.

The building was designed in 1669 by Sir Christopher Wren, who afterward built St. Paul's Cathedral in London.

#### GEN. BINGHAM A WITNESS

Testifies in Former Policeman's Suit Against Hanson.

Gen. Theodore A. Bingham, former Police Commissioner, was yesterday a witness in defence of Bert Hanson, who was his third Deputy Commissioner. Hanson was charged with the murder of a former Policeman Robert P. Cook in the Queens County Supreme Court, Long Island City. Cook says that he was killed by Hanson, a thug and a perjurer and a disgrace to the police force.

Gen. Bingham's testimony was brief and it had to do with general police conditions while he was Commissioner. He was privileged to reprimand Cook in the way he did.

#### \$6,500 Damages Under New Federal Law

TRENTON, N. J., April 6.—Mrs. Elizabeth G. Woldy of New Brunswick got a verdict of \$6,500 in the United States court here today in the first case to be tried under the new Federal employers' liability act. Mrs. Woldy brought suit for \$10,000 damages for alleged negligence of the Trenton Electric Light and Power Company for the death of her husband, Jacob Woldy, who was struck and killed last October in Jersey City, Mexico.

As Fresh as a Spring Morning—and as Clear and Sweet—comes

**Rock Water**

A Natural Remedy for Kidney, Stomach, and Gouty Complaints From the famous White Rock Springs at Waukesha, Wis.

#### MEXICO PEACE PLAN BROKEN

Continued from First Page.

of Francisco I. Madero, neither is the aged man discouraged, but on the contrary he has confidence in eventual success. The death of his eighty-three-year-old father, Evaristo Madero, this morning was a severe blow to the father of the insurrecto chief, and he has not been active to-day in his peace negotiations, but so firm are his convictions that he will have arrangements so far concluded that he can go to his son's camp in a very few hours that he declined to leave to-night for San Antonio and Monterey to attend this father's funeral.

The real snag upon which the negotiations now hinge is the demand of the insurrectos for a commission to carry out the pledges of Diaz. It is understood that Francisco I. Madero is willing to let Diaz remain in office and that the insurrectos are also willing provided the reforms which Diaz has promised to grant are carried out under the guidance of a commission. This commission is to be composed of a man named by Diaz, a man named by the Maderistas and a disinterested outsider. This outsider, the insurrectos have mentioned as possibly Theodore Roosevelt and possibly President Taft, but more likely Roosevelt, because the official position of Taft would make it rather indicative for him to act.

The insurrectos are known to have proposed such a commission with one of these two men as the chair or third party. This would virtually mean a triple dictatorship or government head for Mexico, with Diaz a mere figurehead and when the time came for the execution. As the American member would hold the balance of power, he would practically be the dictator and reformer of Mexico. The Maderistas and the Diaz Cabinet will agree to this peace meeting will be held. As soon as an answer to this subject is received definitely the senior Madero will leave for the city of Mexico, and President Madero will leave for the city of Mexico.

Raid continues in the vicinity of Torreón. A band of fifty under Garcia, took forcible possession of the store at Fortuyn station on the San Pedro branch and the Diaz Cabinet will agree to this peace meeting will be held. As soon as an answer to this subject is received definitely the senior Madero will leave for the city of Mexico, and President Madero will leave for the city of Mexico.

Two hundred troops now patrol the railway between the American Smelting and Refining Company's properties at Velarde and those of the American Smelters Securities Company's holdings at Asarco as a safeguard against the frequent invasions of a band numbering several hundred which have paid the frequent visits. A detachment of fifty troops surprised a band of seventy which was looting a store in that vicinity yesterday and killed the leader and his two associates. There is great excitement as a result of a report from a Federal sentinel that a body of armed men is approaching the town from the direction of the supposed revolutionists. All the money from the post office, banks and custom house has been rushed to the American.

Mexico appears to be preparing for exciting times in Chihuahua. Gen. Lauro F. Villar has been placed in command of the city. The question that a good many folks here to-night are asking is whether the countermanding by the War Department of its orders to move the Ninth Cavalry (colored) from San Antonio to towns along the Mexican border.

The reversal of the War Department's orders followed quickly to-day. Now the rumor is that the Ninth will be sent out to New Mexico and Arizona somewhere, but that is as yet unconfirmed. The troops of the Ninth were paid yesterday, and Col. Guilfoyle, their commander, said to-night that up to date not a single report of disorderly conduct on the part of any of his men had been reported.

WASHINGTON, April 6.—Did President Taft play an April fool's joke on the Hon. John Nance Garner, Representative in Congress from the Fifteenth Texas district? That is the question that a good many folks here to-night are asking in connection with the countermanding by the War Department of its orders to move the Ninth Cavalry (colored) from San Antonio to towns along the Mexican border.

Representative Garner was invited to the White House with one or two other members of the House for a conference. Affairs Committee last Monday to be taken into the President's confidence in regard to the conditions which led to the removal of the colored troops to Texas. In the course of that conference Representative Garner expressed fear of trouble between white folks in San Antonio and the colored troops of the Ninth Cavalry. There had already been one or two disorderly scenes and he asked the President to move the colored troops from San Antonio.

The President promised that he would.

Now San Antonio is in the Fourteenth Congressional district, which is represented by Senator Clayton. Since the reversal of the order, which has been followed by the President, Garner has been ill, but he figured that he was doing his brother Democrat a mighty good turn. President Taft kept his word about removing the colored troops from San Antonio. Garner had to rub his eyes twice this morning before he could believe the published reports that the negro troops had been ordered to the border towns of Texas in Garner's own district, the Fifteenth.

#### RELEASED FROM MEXICAN JAIL

J. A. Farrell, Sentenced for Ten Years for a Trifle, Gets His Liberty.

WASHINGTON, April 6.—J. A. Farrell of Missouri, who was sentenced to ten years imprisonment at Zacatecas, Mexico, for alleged complicity in the death of a Mexican, has been liberated upon the action of the Supreme Court at Zacatecas, which reversed the decision of the lower tribunal. This information was conveyed to the State Department to-day in a despatch from Ambassador Wilson at Mexico City. The State Department expressed gratification at receipt of the news.

Farrell was arrested several weeks ago in connection with a fight which was supposed to have been a duel between a Frenchman and a Mexican at Zacatecas. The Mexican died from pistol wounds inflicted by the Frenchman, who was arrested and imprisoned in Mexico.

Farrell was also arrested, on the ground that he had sent the Frenchman the pistol. For this he was sentenced to ten years imprisonment.

Relations of Farrell, learning of his predicament, induced Senator Stone of Missouri to bring about an investigation into the case. The investigation was done and at the instance of the American representatives in Mexico the case was carried to the Supreme Court of the district. The higher Mexican court decided that Farrell had no knowledge of the Frenchman's intention of attacking the Mexican when the pistol was lent to him.

#### EVARESTO MADERO DEAD

Grandfather of the Mexican Revolutionary Leader Dies in Coahuila.

EL PASO, Tex., April 6.—Francisco Madero Jr. received telegrams this morning telling him of the death of his father, Evaristo Madero in Coahuila at the age of 83. He was the grandfather of Francisco I. Madero Jr., head of the Mexican revolution, and was himself the head of a family that numbers close to a thousand persons who operate vineyard farms and wine mills throughout Coahuila, Mexico.

#### NEGRO REGIMENT TO STAY ON

WAR DEPARTMENT REVOKES ITS ORDERS FOR REMOVAL.

Congressman Garner Hears From Home and Hushes to See Taft Again and Get Things Changed—Texas Towns Flooded With Washington Telegrams.

SAN ANTONIO, Tex., April 6.—Gen. William H. Carter, in command of the division of the mobilized troops at Fort Sam Houston, received an order from the War Department late this afternoon advising him that yesterday's order detaching the Ninth Cavalry of colored troops from his command had been suspended. The Ninth Cavalry will not move from San Antonio, for the present at least, to do patrol duty along the border as part of the command of the Department of Texas.

The latest order from the War Department gave as the only reason for the suspension of its previous order the fact that the Third Cavalry, which has been on patrol duty along the Rio Grande since December, is much more acquainted with the country to be patrolled than a new regiment could be and therefore is more competent to fulfill the object for which it has been assigned to duty.

Gen. Joseph W. Duncan, commander of the Department of Texas, received similar orders, indicating that for the present the Ninth would not be transferred to his command. Immediately Gen. Duncan countermanded all the orders for transportation which he had levied on the Southern Pacific and the Northern Pacific, and by wire he advised all of the scattered troops of the Third Cavalry who were preparing to return to civilization to stay put.

This sudden reversal of the orders designed to remove the regiment of colored cavalry from San Antonio and scatter it along 1,800 miles of border from Brownsville to Fort Hancock indicates to some extent the state of mind that Congressman Garner of Texas has passed through in the last forty-eight hours, and incidentally a state of mind in the War Department.

It was the Texas Congressman who heeded the complaint of the people of San Antonio, he said, although they were outside his district and made representations to President Taft for the removal from the manoeuvre camp of the colored regiment of cavalry on the ground that the troops would not obey the Jim Crow laws in force on the street cars. Then came the order instructing Gen. Duncan to send the Ninth Cavalry to the border in place of the Third Cavalry Regiment.

The 1,000 troops, considered dangerous by Congress when they were sent to the border with adequate police protection, were to be broken up into troops and half scattered along a sparsely populated country with little or no police protection and in which for many hours a day individual troops would be out of the eye of their commanding officers. As soon as the fact that the Ninth was to do patrol duty became known in the border towns where the patrol posts would be stationed there was instant protest.

At Laredo, San Antonio, Eagle Pass and Del Rio the excitement led the inhabitants to send telegrams to their respective Representatives in Congress. These telegrams began going in yesterday afternoon.

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Third Cavalry has been on patrol duty along the Rio Grande and the desirability of having it receive some instruction at San Antonio in the independent cavalry brigade the Ninth Cavalry has been directed to replace the Third Cavalry along the Rio Grande. The Third Cavalry will be brought to San Antonio and will form a part of the independent cavalry brigade.

The present status of the Third Cavalry is as follows: The distribution of the Ninth Cavalry to the above mentioned points is left to Gen. Carter, commanding the manoeuvre division, except that no cavalry will be sent to Brownsville. In case Gen. Carter desires to send a force to Brownsville it will be taken from that part of the Twenty-third Infantry now at Laredo.

The Brownsville referred to is the town which was taken up by negro troops in the second Roosevelt administration. The War Department said to-day that there had been no intention at any time of sending members of the Ninth Cavalry to this town, although the negro troops would be stationed at towns near it.

No formal statement was issued by Gen. Wood after the above order had been received. He said, however, that the Department was "delighted" to keep the Third Cavalry at its present duty because its officers and men were experienced in the work. The Third Cavalry, he added, will be relieved from patrol duty within a few weeks and will be replaced, according to the War Department officials, by some other troops, possibly even the Ninth or the Eleventh Cavalry.

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